

SESTINA #4: WAYFARING DANDELION SEEDS

by Andrew "Change" Huang

i hastily close my eyes; i take a breath
and blow the seeds off a dandelion—
wayfaring bristles journey the breeze
across yellow field, and leave behind
florets grasping on stems against flight.
frail cotton wishes crumble away.

uplifting wind briskly sends me away
into the horizon by a simple breath;
as seeds shed sporeful veils, my flight
says goodbye to the yellow dandelions
which are still swaying happily behind
me—catching slightly by the breeze.

from a blow, the tufty seeds breezily
tip along the trails and tumble away
to open plots, but half-hidden behind
looming bushes from the frigid breath—
setting with other yellow dandelions
instead of roaming in this long flight—

because teetering is an arduous flight.
there are moments along this breezy
whisper when dozing deep dandelions
forget the airy tufts that went away.
many partings leave seeds breathless
as they wander—a few steps behind—

through with only few glances behind
them before they descend their flight.
so i take a stroll with a tired breath;
i catch the hazy seeds in the breeze,
while they wistfully snowflake away—
someday to bud their own dandelions.

for now, they pass by the dandelions
to follow a faint draft, leaving behind
the yellow field for new land far away.
they take wishes with them in flight,
only enough to ride the brief breeze—
as i once again take in a heavy breath.

i release a sigh; a dandelion takes flight
and tosses in the breeze. i leave behind
the florets that took my breath away.